
Title: The Fear of Dragons

Author: JetStream

My name is
JetStream. I have lived
in Britania now for
over a year. And
throughout my
journeys one task was
put above the rest.
Slaying a dragon! As I
grew stronger
throughout this last
year I gradually
became more and more
interested in slaying
one of the "winged
beasts", as I heard
them called. I heard
so many tales
throughout this year.
Above all I heard that
dragons were the most
evil creatures to walk
the land of Britania. I
heard rumors of
people slaying them,
yet I had never even
seen one, and I began
doubting if the
mythical dragons
existed at all. Then
one hot summer day
as I was walking
through the forests in
the southern region of
the land I found
myself face to face
with a giant winged
red lizard. The
moment I walked up to
it I froze. I could hear
it's every breath.
Luckily I was able to
take cover and hide
under some near by
brush. My heart
raced as the hellish
creature paced back
and forth taking ever
so heavy breathes.

With each breath of
the dragon my heart
raced faster. My
Palms grew damp and
sweat dripped from
my brow. I could hear
the kindling flames
from the beast's belly.
I lay there silent for
what felt to be an
eternity. Then finally
the beast spread it's
enormous wings, let
out a fierce roar and
took to the sky over
the southern mountain
range. This was my
first encounter with a
dragon, but by far not
my last. The picture
of that day still
remains embedded
deep within my
memory. For that day
I truly knew what
fear was. It took long
to recover from that
experience, but as
time past and as I
grew stronger I felt it
was time to overcome
my fear and vanquish
a dragon. I walked to
my house dawned my
best armor, filled my
bag with reagents, and
grabbed my
well-trusted
bardiche. I set out to
the south in search of
the hellish lizard. As
I approached the
mountains of the
south I could feel the
adrenaline rushing
throughout my body. I
continued along the
mountain and noticed
an opening in its side.
I approached the
entrance to what
seemed to be a cave and
I heard the familiar
sound of a dragons
roar. I grasped my
bardiche tight and
proceeded into the
dragon's lair. Right

away I could smell
death, the aroma of
decaying corpses
filled the air and made
my stomach turn. As I
walked deeper into
this vast underground
my every muscle in
my body tightened.
Then as I turned a
corner there it was an
enormous red dragon.
This time I was
ready. I propped my
bardiche back and
prepared to swing. All
of a strange feeling
filled my body. "Why
am I slaying this
beast?" I thought to
myself. Never have I
seen a dragon do harm
to anyone, yet people
constantly harass
them. I stopped in the
middle of my swing
and dropped my
bardiche to the
dungeon floor. I looked
the dragon in the eye.
It gazed back and
almost seemed to know
what I was thinking.
As the beast stared me
in the eye I couldn't
help but to see its
intelligence. This was
no ferocious monster
that was going to
destroy Britannia. This
creature was amazing.
From that day forth I
had a new respect for
dragons. On the
contrary to myth and
tall tales, dragons are
not evil. They are the
noblest creatures in
this world. Never
again did I fear
dragons, nor did I have
even a remote desire to
slay them. For on that
day I swore to defend
the dragons of this
land till air no longer
filled my lungs. By
defending dragons I

have found meaning in
my life in this world.
I hope that you to can
someday learn to
appreciate the beauty
of dragons.